













A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the industrial and producing interests of Michigan.

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The Michigan Farmer

State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, OCT. 25, 1881.

MR. P. W. RYAN is the authorized subscription agent of the MICHIGAN FARMER, and parties can pay money to him at our risk.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week have been 91,499 bu, while the shipments were 161,928 bu. The visible supply of this grain on Oct. 15 was 20,596,272 bu, against 15,764,158 bu at the corresponding date in 1880. This shows an increase in the amount in sight the previous week of 416,425 bu. The deliveries at seaboard ports for the week were 1,572,976 bu, against 1,589,768 bu the previous week, and 8,540,719 bu for the corresponding week in 1880. The export clearances for Europe for the week were 1,815,542 bu, against 1,402,551 bu the previous week, and for the last eight weeks 14,318,492 bu, against 29,843,761 bu for the corresponding eight weeks last year. The stocks of wheat in this city on Saturday last footed up 842,312 bu, against 487,341 bu at the corresponding date in 1880.

The market for spot wheat has fluctuated considerably during the week, the firmness that characterized it at the opening being lost, and a gradual decline being noted each day until Thursday, when No. 1 white closed at \$1.34 1/2, No. 2 at \$1.34 1/4, and No. 3 at \$1.34. Friday there was a slight advance, and this was followed by a further advance on Saturday, the market closing firm at \$1.39 1/2 for No. 1 white, and \$1.42 1/2 for No. 2 red.

Yesterday the market opened dull but at slightly higher prices. Reports from other markets, however, being unfavorable, the advance was lost, and prices declined, closing 1/2 cent below those of Saturday.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from October 1 to October 24:

	White No. 1	White No. 2	White No. 3	Red No. 1	Red No. 2	Red No. 3
Oct. 1	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8
2	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8
3	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8
4	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8
5	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8
6	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8
7	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8
8	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8
9	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8
10	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8
11	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8
12	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8
13	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8
14	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8
15	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8
16	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8
17	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8
18	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8
19	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8
20	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8
21	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8
22	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8
23	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8
24	1.32 1/2	1.32 1/4	1.32 1/8	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/8

The transactions in cash wheat for the week amounted to 233 carloads, and in futures to 1,819,000 bushels, a decided falling off from those of the previous week.

Trading in futures, to which business in wheat is mostly confined at present, has dropped off, the market not being in a condition to tempt outsiders to take a hand in it. The fact is there is an unsettled feeling as to the future that is shown in the sharp drops and spurts noted each day, and until values become more settled business will be light.

The following statement shows the prices of futures on yesterday, as compared with those of Monday last week:

	Oct. 24	Oct. 17
November	1.43 1/2	1.43 1/2
December	1.43 1/2	1.43 1/2
January	1.43 1/2	1.43 1/2
February	1.43 1/2	1.43 1/2

Yesterday the market was again a fraction lower.

There is nothing new in the outlook. The rains in the Northwest noted in our last have continued, and wheat, where it has been exposed, is badly damaged. This is especially so in Minnesota and Wisconsin. Bradstreet's, in its last issue, publishes a summary of the last crop, from which it appears the total yield is 865,000,000 bu., against 490,000,000 in 1881, a loss of 111,038,000 bushels. Since these estimates were made the heavy rains have made a decided difference in the wheat crop of at least three of the Northern States.

In Europe the situation is unchanged. Wheat is held firmly, but relatively lower than here. Reports from Serbia, Roumania, Moldavia and Wallachia state that the crop in those countries is very light, and in some places a complete failure.

The following table shows the prices of wheat and flour in the Liverpool market on Saturday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	Oct. 24	Oct. 17
Flour, extra State	1.18 1/2	1.18 1/2
Wheat, No. 1 white	1.34 1/2	1.34 1/2
Wheat, No. 2 spring	1.34 1/4	1.34 1/4
Wheat, winter Western	1.34 1/8	1.34 1/8
Corn, mixed old	.66 1/2	.66 1/2

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn here the past week amounted to 10,282 bu, and the shipments were 10,833 bu. The visible supply in the country on Oct. 15 amounted to 28,682,059 bu, against 20,265,011 bu at the same date last year. The exports for Europe for the past eight weeks were 7,845,956 bu, against 15,000,380 bu for the corresponding eight weeks in 1880. There has been a steady market all week at unchanged prices, the demand being sufficient to take all that came forward. For No. 1 mixed 60c per bu is paid, and for high mixed 67c. Rejected sells at 65c. The recent

heavy rains are expected to result in a vast quantity of soft corn throughout the corn belt in Illinois and Iowa, and if hard frosts should follow them the loss from the water-soaked corn would be very heavy. In fact the damage may prove nearly as large as from the drought. That such a result is feared is seen in the stronger market that prevailed in Chicago on Saturday. In that market prices are quoted as follows: Spot, 62 1/2 to 64c; November, 63 1/2 to 64c; December, 63 1/2 to 64c. The English markets are reported firmer at 5s 11 1/2, against 6s one week ago.

Oats were received here the past week to the amount of 32,661 bu, and the shipments were 4,579 bu. The visible supply of this grain in the country on Oct. 15 was 4,700,412 bu, against 4,158,725 bu at the corresponding date last year. Oats have been steady and firm all week at a slight advance in prices. No. 1 white are quoted at 48c per bu, No. 2 white at 47c, and No. 1 mixed at 46c. The Chicago market is quoted firm at 43 3/4 to 44c for cash, 44 1/2 to 45c for November, 47 1/2 to 48c for December. The prospect is favorable for a firm and steady market.

HOPS AND BARLEY.

There is a strong market for hops, and as the supply coming forward is rather limited, prices are held very firm. Dealers are offering 25 to 25c per lb. for good to choice State, and in second hands they are selling at 25 to 28c per lb. We learn of one grower who has sold a part of his crop at 29c, and decided to hold the balance a little longer. One large dealer in this city, who scented the advance in prices, and went out and bought all he could reach, now talks of 35 to 40c per lb, as the prices likely to rule before the holidays. But this must be taken with a grain of allowance. Anyway he has made a good thing on hops this season, and some of those who sold to him early, are probably a little disgusted with the shrewdness he showed in taking advantage of the sudden rise in prices. The New York market is quieter, and the advance has been so heavy as to drive exporters out of the market. The N. Y. Commercial Bulletin says:

"The market is not very lively at present. In fact, there is comparatively little business in the shape of deliveries on previous orders and no export demand to indicate that anything short of the most absolute dearth of stock will induce English buyers to pay over 25c to 27c. Most holders are firm and confident of more activity soon, but for the time being buyers are not very numerous nor anxious about further supplies."

A Waterbury, N. Y., correspondent of the Utica Herald says:

"The 'covey' 30c, that was spoken of in last week's report, has been freely offered to the Waterville grower to-day. About 100 bales—the lots of Thomas Roberts and Mr. Bassett of Marshall—have been sold to-day for that figure. But, it is no easier to buy an absolute first class hop at 30c from our growers in general to-day, than it was last week at 25c. The shipping necessities and the actual shortage and pressing needs of the house brewers combine to make the grower feel that this is their year, and they seem determined to make the best of it."

Emmett Wells, in his circular, says:

"While the receipts show an increase of a thousand bales over last week, there have been some 800 bales less taken for export. Prices remain steady at late quotations, 30c. but for the extreme cash figure paid on the market for a choice article. In the interior growers are all asking 30c, but buyers are not quite ready to pay this price; they prefer to wait a little and see the result of late shipments to London. A few more German hops have arrived this week, but the high price asked will make a slow market for them, and our growers need have no fear of serious competition from the south. We notice a reporter for a New York daily, that while some of our growers quote, give 32c, as the price paid here for their hops, they will venture to say that this figure is only paid 'in his mind.'"

Quotations in that market on Saturday were as follows:

N. Y. State, crop of 1881, choice	30 1/2
do do do good to prime	28 1/2
do do do fair to good	25 1/2
do do do low to fair	22 1/2
do do do old	12 1/2
do do do old, fair to choice	22 1/2
do do do old, fair to choice	22 1/2
do do do old, fair to choice	22 1/2

Barley was received here the past week to the amount of 14,600 bu, and the shipments were 13,187 bu. The visible supply of this grain in the country Oct. 15 was 2,306,187 bu, against 2,003,483 bu at the corresponding date in 1880. The market is quiet, buyers are not inclined to take hold except at concessions in prices which holders are not at all inclined to grant. Quotations still rule at \$2.10 to \$2.25 per cental for good to choice samples of State.

Canadian of good quality brings about 5c per cental over those figures. In Chicago the market declined during the week, and No. 2 spot is quoted there at \$1.06 per bu, against \$1.06 one week ago. No. 3 at 93c. There is nothing new to report in the outlook for this grain. It is undoubtedly affected by the weak feeling in other grains, and would be very apt to follow any reaction in them. As it is, we think those who have secured what supplies they need, even at high rates as those now ruling, will be considered lucky before the season is over.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

The receipts of butter in this market the past week were 28,311 lbs, and the shipments were 7,532 lbs. There is no change to note in the position of the market, the supply of choice butter being small and commanding the same price as a week ago, namely, 27 to 28c per lb. The bulk of the receipts are of inferior quality, and for such there is little demand and a dull market. Consumers are paying from 32 to 35c per lb. for butter, and the high price makes them particular as to quality and cuts down consumption. The pastures are in excellent condition, and the butter made now will probably be of higher quality than that made earlier. The improved pasturage has been a great boon to both dairy and stock men. In Chicago butter is very firm, but with no change in quotations. Choice creamery is quoted at 33 to 35c per lb; fair to good do at 30 to 32c; choice dairy at 27 to 30c; and fair to good dairy at 22 to 26c. In New York choice State creamery is quoted at 36c per lb, and fair to good at 35c.

The N. Y. Commercial Bulletin says, in its issue of Saturday last:

"The few buyers who are willing to pay

the price asked on fancy creamery take their usual proportion and find enough available, while of course just a little of the better sort more than can be placed especially of Western, and the tone is slack. There is a good demand for strictly fancy June creamery and gilt-edge Delaware dairies, and at full rates, but not many offering, and most of the sales are made about 1c below outside quotations. A portion of the demand for these latter grades is from the Eastward. Choice Western imitation creamery, dairy or factory would receive fair attention, but there is scarcely any coming in, and for the offering made the bids range low."

Quotations for Western in that market are as follows:

Western imitation creamery	28 1/2
Western dairy, choice	28 1/2
Western dairy, fair to good	25 1/2
Western dairy, ordinary to fair	22 1/2
Western factory, special make	18 1/2
Western factory, prime to good	15 1/2
Western factory, fair to good	12 1/2

The receipts of cheese in this market the past week were 5,570 lbs, and the ship ments were nothing. The market has ruled steady and firm since our last report, and 14 to 14 1/2c per lb still remain the quotations for choice full cream stock. In Chicago the market is dull and weak; full cream cheese sold there at 12 to 12 1/2c per lb, choice part skim Cheddar at 11 1/2 to 11c, and common to good part skims at 8 to 10c. In New York the quotations are 12 1/2 to 13c for choice State factory, 11 to 11 1/2c prime do, and 10 1/2 to 10 3/4c for fair to good. Prime Wisconsin is quoted at 11 to 12c; fine Ohio Cheddar at 11 1/2, and best Ohio flats at 12 to 12 1/2c. The N. Y. Commercial Bulletin, in its review of the market on Saturday, said:

"The public cable quotations were weakening in character, and private accounts from Liverpool, Glasgow, etc., in the old, decided strain, kept shippers in a most decidedly cautious mood. The home trade, too, has assumed a somewhat modified form, and while still affording a fair outlet for choice strictly full cream factory cheese, the market is evidently moving with great caution, and confining themselves more closely to the immediate and positive wants of the moment. Indeed, of the last named quality the accumulation commences to show a pretty full shipment of stock. During yesterday afternoon and to-day the inquiry for the choice and fancy parcels of cheese has been somewhat better from shippers, with every prospect that the best lots will be about all taken up, and the form of sales will warrant a restoration of 13c. Though the market is not very active, there is no where no fault can be found with the quality. In short, the market closes with a somewhat more cheerful tone over perfect cheese than for some time past, but without positive buoyancy or an indication that more stock could have been placed this week."

The quotations in Liverpool on Saturday were 53s., the same as reported one week previous, with a dull market.

WOOL.

The Eastern wool markets have shown more activity the past week, and although no advance is noted in prices, outside figures are more readily obtained by holders. The wool in first and second hands in the various States is held very firmly, and at relatively higher prices than prevail in either New York, Boston or Philadelphia. The foreign markets, both British and Continental, show continued firmness. The Boston market showed considerable activity the past week, sales footing up 1,857,700 lbs domestic, and 639,500 lbs of foreign. Prices there were 42 to 42 1/2c per lb for Michigan and Wisconsin X, 46c for No. 1 Michigan, 48 to 50c for No. 1 Ohio, and 45c for XX Ohio. The demand is strongest for the better qualities of clothing and combing fleeces. The Boston Bulletin says:

"There have been considerable sales of fleeces here this week at full previous rates, and it is easier to get 45c for XX Ohio to-day than a week ago. Sales of Michigan and Wisconsin X have been made at 42 to 42 1/2c. Some very choice 'No. 1' fleeces have sold up to 50c, and one or two lots of choice super-pulled have also brought that figure. It is evident that the mills continue to prefer the finer and better grades of both fleeces and pulled. Medium unwashed wools, however, continue to be confidently held, in the belief that they will all be wanted as soon as the stocks of fine fleeces become further reduced. Low and cheap wools, however, are in demand, and the primary markets for fall California are in rather a demoralized condition. Holders of the wool in San Francisco and in the country districts cannot realize within 3 to 4c per lb for the cost of their merchandise."

Ohio, Indiana, and other States are also cherishing values above the parity of this market. One large lot of Indiana unwashed is held at 41c, and an Ohio buyer has asked 42c for a lot of X and above in Ohio this week.

Some American manufacturers have sent orders to Australia, but as yet but little wool suited to their wants had been offered up to latest advices. These orders have been sent in anticipation of an advance of prices in this country.

The mills are having an active demand for woolsens, and some are said to already have all their product for the season contracted for. The trade in woolsens is helped by the firmness in cotton goods, which are being advanced on account of the short crop of cotton. The prospects are excellent for a firm market for wool all the season.

As was to be expected, the early sowing of fall wheat has given the Hessian fly a fine opportunity to work in it, and the following report from Indiana shows that the damage has not been neglected: The report is from a Toledo firm. "We were shown yesterday a sample of the growing wheat plant from Auglaize county, and to-day samples and letters from Rochester, Ind. The samples show the presence of a deadly enemy at the root, which is said to be the germ of the Hessian fly. There are hundreds of them inside the stalks, at the roots, eating away the life. The letters say that farmers in each of the vicinities above mentioned and in adjoining counties are plowing and re-sowing the fields."

The Michigan Carbon Works, who are erecting extensive works near the River Rouge for manufacturing superphosphate, have now three large buildings completed and are at work on a fourth. The factory building is 123 by 100 feet, all in one room. It is three stories in height, and a large store-house is located near by and a mill 30 by 40 feet has also been put up. The building alone will cost over \$100,000, and will make one of the most complete factories in the country.

THE DRIVE WELL ROYALTY.

A man named N. W. Greene, who appears to be very different from what his name would lead one to suppose, has a patent on what are known as drive wells. He has been traveling through the Eastern States, collecting sums ranging from \$5 to \$100 each from farmers who are using such wells. He has now commenced operations in this State, and lately brought a test case before Judge Withey of the U. S. District Court at Grand Rapids. The Judge has given the case a preliminary hearing, and the Grand Haven Herald gives the following extract from the ruling of the Judge:

"If (Greene) owns this patent he owns property in which of course he is deemed to have rights; and among these rights is the exclusive control of the patent, its use and manufacture. He has as complete a right to the control of this patent, in every respect, if it is his and his established right, as he would have to a horse in his own barn or to a house in his own buggy which he is driving."

Judge Withey further said, in speaking of the defendants:

"My own judgment, however, is that in the end they will all pay the royalty. That the courts have without one exception so far sustained the patent, and in every case that has been tried the parties have responded in cost and damage."

The injunction asked for was not granted by the judge, however, but he allowed the defendants thirty days in which to present evidence that there had been no infringement of the Green patent. From the foregoing it is apparent that unless new evidence is forthcoming, these suits will be decided in favor of Greene, and many hundreds of farmers in this and adjoining States will be compelled to pay tribute to him.

The farmers in New York State are combining to make a fight against what they believe to be a most unrighteous exaction. The farmers in this State are also moving in the same direction, and we are pleased to note that the Executive Committee of the State Grange, which was in session in Lansing last week, decided to make an organized resistance against this legalized robbery. We believe Greene to be no more entitled to collect such a royalty than we are, as the system of drive wells was known before he ever had a patent for it. But belief is nothing without substantial evidence, and it behooves every person interested to look around for any evidence that will help to controvert this claim.

NATIONAL TARIFF CONVENTION.

A call has been issued for a national tariff convention to be held at the Cooper Institute in the city of New York, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 29th and 30th days of November. The purpose of the convention is to consider and recommend such Congressional action as will promote domestic and foreign commerce, and afford adequate protection to American industry. In the allotment of delegates, the Michigan Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association is entitled to five, and the Michigan Merino Sheep Breeders' Association to five also. The sheep breeders and wool growers of Vermont, New York, Illinois and Wisconsin are also to be represented by an equal number of delegates from each State. The convention will be an important one, and the sheep breeders and wool growers of Michigan should see that they are represented at its sessions. Among the questions to be considered are the appointment of a commission to thoroughly investigate and report upon the progress, condition and needs of American industries, and to recommend such legislation as will be protective in character, consistent in all its parts, and adapted to the present wants of the country; to consider the policy of an early and progressive reduction of internal taxes by the general government, and to suggest methods for the maintenance of a favorable balance of trade, and the enlargement of markets for American products by the promotion of our ship building industry and foreign commerce. Our wool growers should take such action as will result in a proper representation of this important interest. Full particulars as to the convention can be learned by addressing Mr. Marcus Hanlon, Secretary, No. 305 Broadway, New York.

The celebration of the capture of Cornwallis at Yorktown has ended, and the little Virginia village is deserted by the thousands who were in attendance at the ceremonies last week. The programme could not be carried out in full, and some say the celebration was a failure. But considering the large crowd present, and the lack of accommodations in such a place as Yorktown, the celebration was probably as successful as could reasonably have been anticipated. The representatives of the French, German and British governments were highly pleased with the manner in which they were treated. The descendants of a number of the French and Germans who bore arms in that struggle were enthusiastically received. President Arthur's address was brief but very happy, and he was warmly applauded. Generals Hancock, Sherman, and a number of ex-Confederate generals were present, and the best of feeling prevailed during the ceremony. Michigan's Governor and staff, and the battalion of troops present, represented the State very creditably.

Last week 500 girls employed in Lorillard's tobacco factory at Jersey City, quit work, and have published a card giving their reasons for such action. They state that their condition in the factory had become worse than negro slavery in the South. They frequently had a day's wages taken from them for simply looking away from their work while the foreman passed. They were required to work from 7 o'clock in the morning till 9 at night, and if they were caught eating anything at their work, or saying "good morning" to a companion, in the hearing of the foreman, a deduction was made from their wages at the end of the week. If these statements are true, and they probably are, the Lorillards, who are spending hundreds of thousands of dollars upon horse-racing and yachting, which they have wronged out of the necessities and privations of their unfortunate work-people, deserve to be held up to

public execration and contempt. They are unworthy to be classed as American citizens. Some of the sympathy that is being so liberally expended upon the sufferings of the people of Ireland might find equally as worthy objects among those who are unfortunate enough to be compelled to work for these millionaire tobaccoists.

The English Grain Markets.

The Mark Lane Express of yesterday, in its review of the English grain trade, says:

"There has been good progress in sowing, the conditions remaining very favorable. A serious proportion of the potato crop in Scotland was discovered to be unsound, which will make necessary an increased consumption of bread. Provincial exchanges at the close of the week showed rather less depression than in Mark Lane Friday, when the best samples of wheat were only saleable at a reduction from Monday's rates. The supply continues liberal. Country flour is continually weaker. Foreign breadstuffs have been depressed since Monday. There was a very feeble demand; factors are compelled to submit to the concessions up to one shilling in order to effect sales. Liverpool and most coast cities are cheaper for foreign wheats. It is noteworthy that this latest depression in trade occurred simultaneously with the substantial increase in the floating supply. Arrivals in London 43,072 quarters, all red wheat except 10,015 qrs. from Calcutta. There was a very moderate supply of foreign flour in London during the week, namely 15,365 sacks, of which two-thirds was from the United States and the remainder from Canada and the Continent. Cakes in London were generally maintained. American barrel flour was quite out of market. Maize was decidedly cheaper. Mixed American was freely offered in London Friday at 29s. ex-ship, showing a decline of 1s since Monday. Oats were dull, unchanged; arrivals, small. Barley and peas cheaper. Thirteen wheat cargoes are reported arrived up to Friday, of which eight sold. Fifty-four shillings 6d was paid Thursday for red winter."

The Chicago Tribune has been busy the past two weeks apologizing for the singular course that citizens of that place have generally pursued in reference to the fire sufferers in the Huron Peninsula. As these apologies are wholly gratuitous, and evidently only published by the Tribune and its correspondents as a bribe for uneasy consciences, we submit that they should at least confine themselves to the truth. In their efforts to excuse themselves there is no necessity for falsifying the extent of the damage or the dire necessities of those who have suffered from the disaster. They have also, with an exhibition of maliciousness, pointed out that when a part of Chicago was reduced to ashes, Michigan only contributed \$38,000 in cash towards the relief of the sufferers; but forgot to state that this amount was sent at a time when forest fires were sweeping through half a dozen counties in this State, reducing hundreds of families to absolute beggary, and leaving them entirely dependent upon the charitable. It was a time, too, when the people of the whole country were so generally engaged in relieving the distressed people of that city that all other points were neglected except by the States in which they were situated. As usual, Chicago understood the art of advertising, and the sufferings of her people were published in every corner of the habitable globe, and the charitable responded with unheard of generosity in the emergency. The backwoods settler in Michigan did not understand the business of publishing his woes to a sympathetic world, upon whom he was not aware he had any claims, and was content to suffer without a word of complaint. Hence the citizens of this State, upon whom his claims were entitled to first consideration, were obliged to provide for him in addition to what they were doing for the great city of Chicago, the commercial center of the richest of the Western States. Now, so far as Michigan is concerned, the people of Chicago are absolved from contributing in the slightest degree to the relief of those who are suffering from the results of the disaster which has so suddenly overwhelmed some of its citizens. The section in which they live is not tributary to Chicago and the people of that enterprising place as a rule never pay out a cent in charity except when they know it will prove a good investment. Had the fire occurred in Western Michigan the charity of Chicago would have been abundant and overflowing (on strictly business principles), but there is nothing to be gained in sending contributions to the Eastern part of the State. The business men of Chicago are willing to lend to the Lord, but the return on the investment must be certain and the percentage large. The charity that comes from a mere desire to relieve the suffering has little foothold among them. It is business with them, not sentiment.

ACCORDING to semi-official figures, compiled for the New Orleans Picayune, the sugar crop of the year ending September 1, 1881, was the largest raised in Louisiana since the war. The total pounds of sugar are given at 273,255,899, and gallons of molasses, 15,255,080. About one-third of the total product of sugar comes from the vacuum pan. The substitution of the most approved methods of handling the juice has been steadily going on. The percentage of open kettle sugar is consequently decreasing. Producers are learning the wants of the commercial world, and appreciating the fact that the better the goods the better the price. As far as manufacture has determined this year, the crop now being harvested is one-third less than the previous one. The rice crop last year was larger than ever, and this year it is still greater.

JAY GOULD controls 11,714 miles of railroad whose value, added to the estimated value of other enterprises he controls, is placed at \$616,500,000. This is probably the largest amount of capital swayed anywhere by any one man, but the fortune which gives Gould power over it is well below the fortune of one man in this country, W. H. Vanderbilt, and half a dozen men abroad.

A MERCHANT of Santandria, Central America, was lately murdered by a new and ingenious use of dynamite. The charge was placed in the large lock of his store door, with the exploder arranged to be set off by the door key. He was instantly killed on attempting to unlock the door.

The cotton seed oil mills that are rapidly being put in operation in the South, are creating no little stir and discussion as to their



NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**209 Percheron Horses**  
Arrived in New York Aug. 25th  
And under Customs valuation  
Were Bonded for  
**\$350,000.00.**

These horses were imported by  
**M. W. DUNHAM,**  
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**Poetry.**  
**TRUE FRIENDSHIP.**  
Comment me to the friend that comes  
When I am sad and lone  
And makes the anguish of my heart  
The suffering of his own;  
Who coldly shuns the glittering throng  
At pleasure's gay levee,  
And comes to gladden a somber hour  
And give his heart to me.  
He hears me count my sorrows o'er,  
And when the task is done  
He freely gives me all I ask—  
A sigh for every one.  
He cannot wear a smiling face  
When mine is touched with gloom,  
But like the violet seeks to cheer  
The midnight with perfume.  
Comment me to that generous heart  
Which like the sun in high  
Upheaves the waves of my brow  
To every change of sky;  
Whose friendship does not fade away  
When winter tempests blow,  
But like the winter's icy crown  
Looks greener through the snow.  
He flies not with the flitting stock,  
That seeks a southern sky,  
But lingers where the wounded bird  
Lies hid from day and night;  
Oh, such a friend! He is in truth  
Whom his lot may be.  
A rainbow on the storm of life,  
An anchor on its sea.

**A PICTURE.**  
How can I paint a face which is so fair  
That none may know its grace unless they see it?  
Yet should you gaze on it, it would surely be  
As if it were a picture, that would surely be it.  
No bright-eyed girl, although she once was such,  
Is she the same? Time has her beauty stole,  
And since has drawn, with art, artistic touch,  
The wrinkles that reveal her gentle soul.  
Kind charity—almost seems to cheat  
Her fate of sin by loving still the sinner—  
Beams from her eyes, gray eyes, that, soft and sweet,  
Scarce hint the depths of tenderness within her.  
She always seems some good in every one;  
And each feels for her esteem a debtor;  
Her passing sheds a radiance like the sun,  
And yet she does not know she makes us better.  
Sweet, sympathetic face! In smiles or tears,  
I cannot see much good in any other;  
Nor better tell the tale of her endurance,  
Than just to write her name, and that is, "Mother."  
And with so silver cord that naught can sever,  
And set in my unworthy frame of rhyme—  
Praying that God will keep it bright forever—  
I hang her picture on the walls of time.  
—C. H. Grandall.

**Miscellaneous.**  
**ROSIE.**  
A glorious morning in early autumn.  
The bright sun was streaming in through  
the half-closed Venetian blinds and fell  
in chequered patterns of light and shade upon  
the snowy tablecloth. Two persons were  
seated at the breakfast-table—one a man of  
thirty or thereabouts, tall and stalwart, with  
a pale resolute face and dark thoughtful  
eyes—this was my brother Norman—the other  
a girl of nineteen, brown-haired and  
brown-eyed, with a little willowy figure and  
a bright brunette face—this was myself.  
"Maude!" said Norman suddenly, without  
raising his eyes from the letter he was  
perusing.  
I looked up from my own closely-written  
sheet and waited to hear more.  
"Maude!" "Yes, dear, I'm listening.  
What is it?"  
"Leslie says he has got a short leave and  
will be down with us next week. Isn't that  
news, Maude? And what is more, he is  
to bring a companion with him."  
"A companion? Oh, a dog, I suppose!  
Well, I am awfully glad Leslie is coming,  
and I hope he'll enjoy himself. But I wish  
he wouldn't bring that dog. It's begun to  
fight with Pixie, we shall never be out of  
hot water, for I wouldn't have Pix hurt for  
the world; would I, doggie?"  
Norman smiled mischievously as I caught  
up the tiny black spaniel which lay upon  
the hearth.  
"I don't think you need be so alarmed for  
the safety of your favorite, Maude," he  
said; "for, as well as I can make out, Leslie's  
companion will not be a four-footed animal."  
"What do you mean, Norman?" I cried,  
glancing at the letter he was perusing.  
"That Leslie has got married. Well, not  
exactly; but this looks odd, doesn't it?"  
He reopened the letter and read—  
"The Colonel is a brick, and has given me  
a month's leave, so you may expect me at  
the Beeches early next week. I shall bring  
a pal with me, so Maude, don't let the dog  
room get ready. Give her my love, and  
believe me,  
"Ever your affectionate brother,  
LESLIE LESLIE."  
Here Norman looked up, and, catching  
sight, I suppose, of the consternation  
depicted on my forlorn-looking visage, burst  
into a hearty fit of laughter. I felt inclined  
to cry.  
"I don't see what there is to laugh at,  
Norman," I said plaintively; "I think it's  
perfectly dreadful. I wouldn't have believed  
that Leslie could do such a thing. How  
dare he get married without saying a word  
about it to me or his relatives? He might  
have told us, at all events, even if he  
didn't ask our advice. But I dare say, after  
all, it isn't his fault, poor fellow! He was  
led into it by that designing creature." Then  
suddenly—"I wish you wouldn't laugh,  
Norman; this horrid woman is coming here,  
and I know I shall hate her—and I'm very,  
very unhappy—and—" A great sob effectually  
prevented the egress of further words  
and stopped Norman's laughter in a moment.  
"Why, I didn't mean to hurt you, little  
Maude!" he said, drawing me upon his  
knee and passing his hand gently over my  
hair, as was his fashion when he wished to  
soothe me. "But you took the whole thing  
granted with such solemn seriousness that  
I couldn't help laughing. I'm quite sure  
that Leslie wouldn't marry without consulting  
us on the subject—that it's all a mistake.  
Perhaps the fair Rosie is some distant  
cousin of ours who has advanced her claim  
to relationship. I remember that my father's  
telling me of some connections, whose name  
I can't remember, living not very far from  
where Leslie is at present quartered. It  
might be one of those."  
"It might," I said dolefully; "but I don't  
think it is. There's one thing certain,  
though; and that is, that, wherever it is, she's  
coming here, and I'm certain to hate her.  
And what shall I do? I'll have to be always  
with her, you know, because I'm the lady of  
the house. I wish Aunt Marston hadn't  
chosen this particular time for going off on  
a long visit. If I had her here, she'd be  
some sort of a shield."  
"But can't you ask some one here instead,"  
suggested Norman—"by way of a counter-  
irritant, you know?"  
"It's a splendid plan!" I exclaimed,  
brightening up directly. "I'll ask Helen  
Charteris to spend a month with me. I had  
a letter from her this morning, and I'm sure  
she'll come."

Helen in a passion in my life. No, indeed;  
she will act as a peacemaker. It would  
never do to have any one here who would  
lose her temper with—this woman," I  
said with bitter scorn; "for then, you see,  
they would come to me to settle their  
differences, and I'd be sure to please neither,  
and just get abused by both."  
"Hard lines, Maude!"—with a queer little  
smile; "but I suppose Miss Charteris, as  
you said—'will keep things straight for  
you'—"  
"I'm sure she will," said I confidently.  
"She's awfully nice, and quite pretty too,  
besides having a good fortune. If Leslie  
weren't married already, she would make a  
nice match for him. But perhaps he isn't  
at all events, I think I won't believe it until  
I hear more about it. Any way, I'm  
glad Helen is coming; I'd like her for a  
sister-in-law."  
"You little monkey!" said Norman,  
playfully pinching my cheek as he set me  
down and rose. "You're a confirmed match-  
maker already. You'll be trying to  
bring about a marriage between Helen and  
Leslie in a graver tone—I have business to  
settle with Edwards, Maude and I shall  
be occupied all the morning. Don't  
fret about Leslie; I'm quite certain it's all  
a mistake. And, with the same odd in-  
explicable manner, turning about his mouth,  
he turned and left the room.  
I had not much to do that morning; and,  
seeing Norman go out accompanied by his  
steward, and knowing that he would not get  
out of Edward's clutches for the next three  
days, I sat down to pen my invitation to  
Helen Charteris. She had been my best  
friend at school, and I still loved her dearly;  
so the prospect of a visit from her was  
anything but a disagreeable one. I brightened  
considerably under the anticipation, and, by  
the time I joined Norman at luncheon, had  
regained all my old cheerfulness once more.

"Helen, can this be you? I scarcely  
recognize you! But there—that's your own  
old smile! I'd know you anywhere by that.  
Welcome to the Beeches, dear—a hundred  
thousand welcomes! I hope you will enjoy  
your visit."  
"I'm sure I shall," said the sweet clear  
voice. "I should enjoy visiting you any-  
where, you know, Maude; but this is such a  
lovely old place that one couldn't help being  
happy in it. But why do you say you  
scarcely recognize me? Your memory can't  
be so good as mine, dear, for I should know  
you anywhere, though you have changed a  
good deal, whilst I have scarcely altered at  
all."  
"Nonsense, Helen; it is you who have  
changed."  
And, in truth, it was. I had not seen  
Helen Charteris from the time I left school,  
now two years back. She was then a girl  
verging on eighteen, tall and slight in figure,  
with a face too thin and pale to be beautiful,  
though the expression was good and the  
features were delicately formed. Now she  
was almost twenty, a fair, graceful woman  
with a rounded finely-featured face and a  
sweet pure face, lit by tender violet eyes  
and shaded by rippling masses of gold-brown  
hair. She was so lovely that I never tired  
of looking at her; and when I ran into the  
room that night for a chat, it was almost  
as much to feast my eyes upon her soft  
beauty as to talk over old times. And talk  
we did, with a vengeance, for Helen and I  
were never at a loss for topics of conversation  
—the very subjects of conversation seemed  
to form a link of sympathy between us.  
She was, like myself, an orphan, richer than I  
in one respect, for she inherited a considerable  
fortune, but poorer in another, for she had  
no kind brothers like Leslie and dear old  
Norman to pet and spoil her, only a married  
sister, who, though she loved her dearly, and  
an uncle with whom she lived, a tatty  
irritable old man, whose house could never  
be a home for her.  
"Do you know that you are not my only  
visitor, Helen?" I asked, after we had  
talked for an hour, and she had recounted  
to me of bygone days, of lessons learned  
together, of punishments and rewards shared  
together, of happy late-afternoons in the  
old schoolroom on holiday afternoons, of  
forbidden fruit—a, novels—devoured to-  
gether, while some good-natured crony  
acted as the intermediary, and of the  
together—in those old times. Maude Leslie  
and Helen Charteris were seldom apart.  
Helen opened her violet eyes with wonder  
at my question—  
"No, really? I didn't see the others? There  
was no one at dinner but Miss Leslie."  
"You dear old goose!" I said laughing.  
"You do take up the very funniest ideas  
of things! I'm certain now that you fancy that  
I have three or four male bipeds stowed  
away in the drawers of the house, and that  
I'm too jealous of your superior charms to  
let them look at you!"  
"Now, Maude, don't be absurd!"  
"Well, I won't then. I'll be as sober and  
matter-of-fact as you like; and I'll begin my  
reformation by informing you at once that  
I have three or four male bipeds stowed  
away in the drawers of the house, and that  
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let them look at you!"

"I don't think he is," said Helen, after  
reflecting for a moment; "I think, with  
your brother, that it is all a mistake. I dare  
say you will be quite astonished to find what  
a maternal explanation there will be to what  
half the world considers extraordinary. Can  
that be twelve o'clock? And I haven't  
even brushed my hair yet!"—pulling down  
about her shoulders as she spoke thick mas-  
ses of rippling gold. "Go to bed, and  
forgettable little chatterbox; you haven't im-  
proved on the subject. I wish you would  
maude to call you 'la petite ballade'."  
"Indeed I have!" I retorted, laughing.  
"If you been debarred a gossip for two  
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THE GYPSIES.

Once I found on a common land  
Three gypsies lying together  
While my coach with rattle and toll  
Crested through the sandy heather.  
  
(One in the hands for his own delight  
Held a fiddle and fingered  
A passionate air, and over him  
The sunset glories lingered.)  
  
The second lay, a pipe in the mouth,  
Held a fiddle and fingered  
A passionate air, and over him  
The sunset glories lingered.  
  
At ease, his cymbal hung on a tree,  
Slumbered the other rover;  
Over the strings went the breath of the wind  
A dream his heart went over.  
  
Full of holes were the clothes they wore  
And gay with colored tatters,  
Free, defiant, they showed with scorn  
How little fortune matters.  
  
They showed me thrice how life grew dark,  
If nightfollies smokes it, and hover,  
One fiddle it, smokes it, sleeps it away,  
And scorns it three times over.  
  
After the gypsies long I looked  
And stopped my plodding pace,  
To look again for their rough black curls,  
Their swarthy nutbrown faces.

Habits of Snakes.

Arthur E. Brown, of the Philadelphia zoological gardens, furnishes to Forest and Stream the following interesting chapter on snakes:  
  
"The following facts, some of which are opposed to popular fallacies on the subject, are reasonably well ascertained to be such:  
  
"1. No serpent covers its food with slime before swallowing it. There is no organ provided for such a purpose, and it would be about as easy to paint in water colors with a sharpened slate pencil as to smear a 'slimy fluid' over the hair or feathers of an animal with the slender pointed tongue of a snake. Deglutition usually begins at once without any preliminaries when the prey is secured, and the secretion of the salivary gland serves merely to facilitate its passage down the esophagus and into the stomach.  
  
"2. As to the supposed powers of fascination in snakes. In general, animals placed in a cage to serve as food are perfectly indifferent to the presence of the snake until the latter becomes aggressive, when they naturally show much fear, but under no circumstances have I ever been able to find any trace of a power to charm on the part of the snake. It is reasonably safe to strike out the intention element implied by the common belief, and to attribute the behavior of the victim to trance or nervous exhaustion. It is well ascertained that this curious mental state often known as 'Braidism' or 'Hypnotism' can be induced by fear, and also by having the attention strongly attracted to one object in a fixed manner, for even a short space of time. Without going into a long discussion, it will be apparent to all who are at all familiar with the experiments which have been made on this subject, that the slow approach, and the fixed, glittering eye of the snake might be a frequent cause of this condition in the prey which it was about to seize, under which circumstances, so long as no external cause, as a noise or sudden movement, occurred to give a shock to the nervous system of the animal affected, there would appear to be a complete paralysis of the motor nerves and an incapacity to effect any voluntary motion to escape from the spot. It is almost needless to say that these conditions not infrequently exist with human beings in the face of sudden danger, which may often be of such a nature that the most firm believer in the supernatural could hardly suppose it to be gifted with a voluntary power of fascination.  
  
"3. When a snake lies quiet for a few hours after feeding, it can hardly be possible that it does so to allow digestion to take place, as this process in most if not all snakes requires several weeks instead of from two to nine hours.  
  
"The muscular force exerted by the snake in drawing food down its throat is considerable and long continued. Furthermore, the arrangement of the two bones composing the lower jaw and of some of those entering into the base of the skull is such that they are movable on each other, and can be dislocated at will, much enlarging the throat to give passage to the food. After this is swallowed they are drawn back into position by contraction of the elastic ligaments which hold them together. When the operation is completed, a greater or less time must be allowed for these overstrained muscles and ligaments to recover their tone and contract. During this time it is reasonable to suppose that the snake would—just as in ordinary cases of fatigue—be disposed to be still, and to some extent probably be incapable of exertion.  
  
"4. The usual number of young produced at a birth by the rattlesnake is very probably from six to twelve, as stated, but it has been known to be as high as 15 on one occasion in the Philadelphia zoological garden.  
  
"5. The generalization that all harmless snakes lay eggs, and all poisonous ones do not, is unsound. The young of the rattlesnake, and probably all of the North American venomous serpents, are produced alive, but so also are the young of many of our harmless species, as in the familiar cases of the garter-snakes and common water-snakes. The bringing into the world of young on oviparous or viviparous principles really does not seem to be a matter of vital importance in the economy of the animal, as it can frequently be influenced to some extent by artificial conditions.

The reason given for the quietude of snakes at night in this latitude is probably correct, viz: the chill of the night air and the dew on the ground; but in this quietude replies—if indeed it be general among them—differ from most animals instead of agreeing with them. The great proportion of wild animals seem to be nocturnal in habit, notably all those, both birds and animals, of a carnivorous and therefore predaceous nature.

7. "The development of the rattles differs somewhat from the manner stated. The snake is born with a small knob at the end of the tail, which becomes the button of the forthcoming rattle. At the end of about six weeks—depending much upon the time when the first food is taken—the young snake sheds its skin and one rattle is then added, and subsequently, as a general rule, through life, one new rattle is formed whenever the skin is shed, but this is exceedingly irregular; the snake sometimes sheds three or four times in the course of a year; sometimes two or three rattles are produced at once, and occasionally none at all; also, rattles are frequently lost by accident from the end of the tail, i. e., end of the rattle—which are never reproduced, as the new growth is at the base. It is thus readily seen, that while under normal conditions there is a general relation between the number of rattles and the age of the snake, it is much too uncertain to afford any correct indication of the latter.

"What a nest of strange notions is that part of the human brain which may be supposed to be devoted to snakes! All men are prone to misrepresentation and superstition in their regard. Everywhere their graceful, gliding motions and their colors—often as striking and brilliant as nature can paint—are looked on with awe and fear. Hardly a religion of ancient or modern times, be it classed as mythology or theology, in which the serpent is not recognized either as an object to be feared and therefore hated as the incarnation of evil. Probably few of your readers ever had their attention drawn to the fact that in all the brute creation, the monkey alone—'that rough sketch of man'—shows his sentiments in this respect, and that universally in the animals of that order, so far as inarticulate sounds and the language of gesture can make plain, horror, aversion and fear mingle with an invincible curiosity are displayed under the highest development of all nature's forms.

The Curse of Morphine.

Of all conditions of bondage, says a writer in the San Francisco Call, there is none in which the shackles are more securely riveted than those of the slave to the use of morphine, or, as he is commonly called by the uncharitable, the 'opium fiend.' At an autopsy recently held in a neighboring city, at which were present a number of prominent physicians, all were standing around the corpse, watching with admiration the skillful manner with which a young medico handled the scalpel, when suddenly the young man stopped, took a small case and a vial containing an amber liquid from his pocket, and there, to the consternation of all, proceeded to take an hypodermic injection of morphine. Removing from the small case, which he handled carefully and almost caressingly, a small gold-plated syringe, he adjusted, with great apparent care, to its nozzle a fine perforated gold needle, about one and one-half inch in length, filled the instrument with the morphine, bared his arm, inserted the needle for its full length under his epidermis, and injected the morphine into his arm. He then carefully replaced the instrument in its case, and, taking up the scalpel, completed the finest operation ever witnessed by those present. The perfect adroitness with which the young man, in the presence of comparative strangers, displayed his degradation, caused the reporter to inquire of the 'opium fiend' how he acquired the baleful habit.

The young doctor bared his arm, which was scarred from shoulder to wrist with the punctures made during the years of his slavery by the needle. His leaden eye and heavy lips, sunken cheeks, saffron skin and weak mouth, were only too perfect indices of his history.

Said he: "When I was a student in an eastern college I was afflicted with pulmonary trouble, and also had severe headaches. I had great difficulty in obtaining sleep, until one day a prominent physician injected one-sixteenth of a grain of morphia into my arm. That night I slept, oh! so sweetly, and had such beautiful dreams. The next day I felt refreshed; and after that, whenever I was sleepless or in pain, I took a hypodermic injection. Gradually I increased the dose, until I took an injection of four grains each three hours."

"Did you ever try to discontinue the use of the drug?"  
  
"Oh, yes; I used to go without it for a night, but when I would get up in the morning I felt as if there was something wanting. My head would ache, and I would plunge it into a bowl of water, but obtained no relief. The feeling is a peculiar one. The only thing that I can compare it to is the burning pain of a felon."

"Do you ever expect to break yourself out of the habit?"  
  
"Oh, yes (dreadfully). I am trying to,

but no man can break it off unless he has some one to remain with him all the time, and by slow stages reduce the amount of the drug he uses."

"What do you consider the cause of the acquirement of the habit by so many persons?"  
  
"Old fogey physicians, who prescribe morphia indiscriminately to their patients, young and old, whenever they complain of pain or sleeplessness. But," sighed the victim of the drug as he slowly took his implements of destruction from his pocket and bared his scarred arm, "I am breaking myself from it."

The Fatal Worry.

In a leading English periodical, Dr. Mortimer Granville has been discussing a subject which should particularly interest all impetuous brain-workers. Referring to the increasing number of cases of sudden collapse from alleged "overwork," Dr. Granville offers some views which, if not exactly new, are at least not those currently entertained.

Constant warnings are being given at the present time against overwork. But, thinks the author quoted, these are generally misapplied. The brain can be tired by prolonged activity, just as may happen with a muscle. But we find that hard and persistent muscular work does not cause muscular collapse. Each day the reserve forces of nutrition renew the wasted protoplasm, and the frame keeps as strong as ever. So there is no more reason why there should be brain collapse from systematic, though severe brain work, than there is for paralysis or tetanus to strike down athletes or day laborers. And we do, indeed, find that brain workers are, as a rule, long-lived.

The cause of the frequent breaking down of men engaged in the active work of life is referred, therefore, by Dr. Granville, to another source, and that is worry. Doubtless it is no new thing to be told that it is not work but worry which kills. But it is often fixed upon a definite and more or less scientific basis. Therefore we follow our author in the expression of his views.

It may be assumed that, as the contraction of a muscle is caused by successive waves of nerve impulses, so the mental activities are made up, after an analogous fashion, of undulations of nerve impulses. In ordinary work, however hard, these impulses are sent out in a regular and rhythmic manner. It is the worry which comes in and disturbs this rhythm, exhausts the nerve force, exhausts further the reserve or recuperative power, and breaks down the man. The strength does not weary of digesting digestible food; but add an unmastered bolus of tough beefsteak three times a day, and there will be trouble eventually. Worry produces a kind of dyspepsia of the mind. It is to the encephalon what a restaurant pie is to the stomach.

The first inference from this presentation of the matter is easy and natural. It is that we should not worry. Such advice is perhaps the most fruitless that can be possibly given. Nevertheless, a diligent inculcation of it, and especially its application in educating the young, may not be without some avail.—[Medical Record.]

Tennessee Marble.

Mr. John J. Craig, of Knoxville, Tenn., says that the United States government is now working successfully a quarry of white stone in the immediate vicinity of that city, which is pronounced by competent judges to be superior to anything of the kind found elsewhere in the United States for building and all out-door purposes. It is a highly crystallized limestone marble—and as it comes from the hammer and chisel is almost perfectly white; when polished it shows a faint pinkish blue, most delicate and beautiful; long exposure to the atmosphere seems to whiten and harden it; a sort of glass-like enamel forms over its surface and renders it almost impervious to dampness and stains of any kind. A column of this marble which has been standing in Knoxville more than 30 years, and which has never been touched with brush or soap, is as white and clean to-day as it was the day it was first exposed to the storms and sunshine of our fickle climate. The texture and working quality of the marble is unsurpassed. It is neither too hard nor too soft, but exactly soft enough to allow the sculptor to work it without force and trace on it the finest lines of finished form, and yet hard enough to retain these lines in all their original delicacy, unimpaired by wind or rain, for generations to come. The quantity of the marble is unlimited—Knoxville is surrounded by whole mountains of it. Facilities for transportation are now good and daily growing better. Car loads are being daily shipped to all sections of the country, and the absence of capital alone prevents the quarrying of it from soon developing into one of the most important industries in that singularly favored but as yet almost unknown section.

THE PET FIG.—At this moment there exists in Lithuania, on the estate of M. le Comte de—, a porcine animal passing his life at full liberty under the happiest conditions. But that pig had a "happy thought," he

appealed to the sentiment of "No-blesse Oblige," and well deserved his freedom; for, destined in early infancy to form a dish which is a special "mets de predilection" at a Polish dinner-table, the little animal, escaping from his murderers by some fortunate chance, contrived to take refuge at the feet of his master. Knife in hand, the cook followed to gain possession of his victim, but the Count, with true chivalry, declared that piggy, having appealed to his protection, should never be killed, and accordingly, after being fed upon the best kuskus (Italian paste) and milk for some days, he was sent off to the country, established as the children's playmate, and still remains in the same capacity, giving from time to time the oldest examples of intelligence and "bonhomie." While on the subject of fortunate sucklings, another may be mentioned, whose cleverness was so great and his training so perfect, that he formed one of the principal attractions of a well-known Russian circus proprietor. Among the crowds which daily visited him in Moscow, were four young officers, who laid a wager that they would eat the learned pigling, and having nothing to do with their money, laid down 2,000 rubles, the price demanded, and ordered him to be sent home. The dinner took place amid much hilarity, but although the young scapegraces had supposed their intention to be carefully concealed from the circus master, he had been quite wise enough to find it out, had dispatched them a succulent, but perfectly ignorant little squeaker, and made the best of his departure, with the real Simon Pure and a sum of money equal to more than £200.—[Spectator.]

VARIETIES.

IN TURKEY DO AS TURKS DO.—When Mr. Allison was on Lord Stratford's staff he was quite familiar and friendly with the then Grand Vizier Reshid Pacha, who was succeeded by Raouf Pacha, who received him very differently. On his first interview with Raouf a servant led him to the presence of the great man, to whom he was announced simply as a secretary of the English embassy. Raouf Pacha took no notice. Mr. Allison put his hands in his pockets and began whistling a tune which he looked at the picture on the wall. The servant ran up to him saying that the Pasha on the sofa was the grand vizier. "Impossible," exclaimed Mr. Allison in Turkish. "That must be some dunkey. The grand vizier would receive me like a gentleman."

Raouf Pacha stood up in apparent astonishment. Mr. Allison took a seat, and in the most patronizing manner invited the great man to sit down. He then explained the case he had to lay before the Porte. After a long discussion of it the Grand Vizier looked at his watch, said it was the hour of his prayer, and knelt down at the end of the sofa, as the Turks do, light in doing the presence of foreigners. The Mussulman prayer ends up with a damatory clause against all infidels, and Raouf Pacha rolled it out in a stentorian voice, as if leveled at his visitor, who knew enough Arabic to understand that a deliberate insult was intended by the emphasis laid on the words. The Grand Vizier then returned to his seat and resumed the interview. When the affair under consideration was settled, Mr. Allison in his turn looked at his watch, remarked that it was his prayer time and went to the end of the sofa, where he went through a variety of gestures and genuflections, ending with a vociferous amen and all such Turkish, Mussulman, and other unbeliefs in the holy Christian faith declared in pure Arabic as understood by all pious Mussulmans. He then walked out of the room without taking any notice of the astounded Grand Vizier.

A CRITIC SAYS:—"We all accept the old Greek statues as the finest models of the highest types of physical beauty, and in not one of them do we find evidence of the compression of the feet. The toes set well apart, and there are never to be found on them signs of corns or callusities." Of course not. The old Greek sculptors knew their business. A Greek maiden might have fourteen corns on one foot, but the Greek artist would not be so stupid as to let the old Greek would not reproduce them on a statue of the maid. She would not have paid for the marble if he had. It is the same way in our day. When a woman with freckles and a mole on her chin sits for a portrait, the artist knows too much to transfer them to the canvas. He makes the sitter as pretty as a professional beauty, charges a big price for the portrait, and she goes away delighted. The portrait, of course, doesn't look any more like her than the Queen of Sheba, but she doesn't let that trifling matter of freckles and a mole on her chin spoil her happiness. The absence of corns and callusities on the feet of old Greek statues must not be accepted as proof that the Grecian maidens were not provided with storm indicators on their pedals.

THOUGHT TUNNELS WERE LONGER.—They were, in the days of the old, and immediately stepped aboard the cars for a bridal tour to San Francisco. They attracted considerable attention on the way by their honeymoon actions and created a great deal of quiet fun among the giddy number of ladies and gentlemen who were passengers. In due time the cars entered a tunnel, and all for a few moments was enveloped in darkness. All too soon the cars emerged into the broad glare of the noonday sun, and our loving bride and groom were discovered locked in each other's arms, and exchanging kisses at a rate seldom seen in public. The passengers took to the situation in about a second and a short while the newly married couple were seen to get out of the train from the rear end of the tunnel, and brought the conductor to the scene on a double kick. "Pass it around!" yelled a big man who was on his way west to get his wife. "Go back to the tunnel," said another man to the conductor. As the newly married husband settled back in his seat he was heard to remark: "Sara, I thought tunnels were longer. Darn a railroad company!"

A NOBLE LORD AND A BOOKMAKER.—A good story was told *apropos* of a noble lord who was recently returning from the races. In the adjoining department were eight bookmakers, who, cleaned out by successive failures, were traveling without tickets, hoping by a turn of good luck to escape payment. At last one of them, during a stoppage, hit upon a brilliant idea. Posing his cap down over his eyes and buttoning his coat, he went to the carriage of the noble lord and his friends, and assuming an official air, collected all their tickets. These he distributed among his own friends, and on the train reaching London, the noble

lord had a narrow escape of seeing himself and friends taken into custody for attempting to defraud the railway company, for, despite their assurances, the officials declined to believe that any one had been audacious enough to collect any of the passengers' tickets. "On the face of it" the thing was too absurd. It was only by paying their fare a second time that the noble lord and his friends escaped.

THE GREAT CURIOSITY at a country fair is the orator. He is usually in his speech so distant from anything agricultural, even when he talks of crops and stock, that the farmers like to listen to him. He patronizes the countryman by saying that the sons of the soil are as good as other people. Mr. Beecher used to talk about heifers and pears and poles in a manner that caused the farmers' wives to smile when they discovered how little he knew. Mr. Hayes shook hands, kissed the babies and wrote commonplaces in albums. The agricultural orator is an ornamental hero at country fairs, and the less he knows about the things he talks about the more he is supposed to know about everything else.

ARISTOCRATIC FLATS.—Young Mr. Fathersgottmoney and Miss Toosilly, were talking on the piazza of a fashionable hotel, Newport, on a recent night. "Fond of dancing?" said he. "Oh, yes, awfully." "So am I awfully fond." "I think it ever so nice, don't you?" "Yes, dreadfully nice." "Do you dance the heel-and-toe polka?" "Oh, yes, awfully nice, too." "Yes, awfully." "How's your mother?" "She's well, how's yours?" "Oh, she's all right." "Beautiful evening this evening, isn't it?" "Yes, just too lovely for anything." "Good evening." "Good evening." "This is what 'society' does for young people."

IRATE lodger at Long Branch hotel, upon being presented with his bill: "Fifteen dollars for two days!" Polite Clerk: "Correct, sir; you read figures like a banker's clerk." Lodger: "Do you take me for a bonanza mine or its travels?" Polite Clerk: "Far from it, but you had one of the best rooms in the house." Lodger: "One of the best rooms in the house! Why, it wasn't bigger than a coal bin, and I had to sleep with my legs out of the window." Polite Clerk: "That's just it, you see. When a guest sleeps with his legs out of the window we always charge him \$2.50 a day extra."

A GENTLEMAN who had been allured by the announcement of a "quiet country hotel," came down the morning after his arrival, and made complaint that his boots had been outside his door all night and until eight o'clock that morning, and "nobody had touched them." The landlord, who in his shirt-sleeves was tipped back in a chair and picking his teeth with a jack-knife, beamingly remarked: "Law bless ye, ye might have left yer put out there all night; nobody would have touched it. Honest critters down here, I tell ye."—[Boston Commercial Bulletin.]

Chaff.

A six year old said: "Papa, I wish you would quarantine against Tom Jones' combs! here every night to see Jennie. It's got to be too epidemic."

"Here, waiter, this salmon isn't nearly as fresh as that we had on Sunday." "Not as fresh as that salmon, sir? Must be, sir! Same salmon, sir!"

"What is the moon good for?" asked Prof. Miller. "What are its principal uses?" And the smart boy looked up from the foot of the class and said: "To rest the gas companies."

Pulpit eloquence. "Why," she asked as they were leaving the church, "John, didn't your soul thrill under that sermon?" "Yes, not only my soul," he savagely growled, "but my whole foot. These blessed boots are entirely too tight."

"What sort of a house was there?" was asked of a dramatic author's friend. "Half empty!" said he gloomily. "What sort of a house was there?" was asked of the dramatic author himself. "It was half full!" he answered with satisfaction and pride.

"The last time I saw Miss X," said a nobleman, speaking of a well-known actress to a witty dramatist, "was at a morning performance; and she had grown so stout that she almost filled the box." "Oh, that nothing!" said the ready playwright. "There was a time when she filled the theatre."

Meeting a newsboy whose face was scarred with scratches, a reporter asked him what the matter was. "Feller spoke after his arrival. Said he'd bet she was cross-eyed, and I said in: 'Is your sister cross-eyed?' inquired the reporter. 'Hain't got no sister!' was the reply; 'it was the principle of the thing what I got licked for.'"

"You don't mean to tell me that you dropped a 30-franc piece in that gambling-hell, and it was picked up and returned to you?" "I don't mean to tell you anything else. When I missed it I offered 10 francs to the man who would find it, and then 20, but without success, but the brute offered 30. It was found in at least a dozen different parts of the room."

A member of one of our learned clubs returned to the bosom of his family one night early "and the ladies and gentlemen." He was so tired that he had to be carried to his room. He was so tired that he had to be carried to his room. He was so tired that he had to be carried to his room.

Two darkies were riding from the field after a hard day's plowing. They began to talk about the good things to eat. "I'd like a good f-a-t possum—pabbie him—put him in ole-fashion Dutch oven—roll him brow—!" the other darky eyes rolling and mouth watering as the description went on. "I'd like him up widge o-on grabby—!" "Rhet 'yo' mout', yo' nigga! I'll fall right off'n dis hoss."

times out of ten the answer comes: "My parents." I scorn, I loathe this toadyism that with sanctimonious sacrilege lays the blame exclusively at the mother's door, for nine times out of ten, the father is the one who sets the base example of intrigue and debauchery before his sons and daughters; but "as it was in the beginning, is now," and God only knows if it "ever shall be," when called to account for the evil wrought, he, with one mighty voice, from shore to shore, shouts: "I am guiltless! Spare me, oh Lord; but the woman that thou gavest me, give her particular purgatory to the end of the chapter!"

This great and growing evil of "fast young America" cannot be remedied by mothers alone. The "mother" may be as a young man once said to me of his mother, "an angel in human form," and the "father" can make her existence a literal fulfillment of the curse that his one-sided diplomacy secured to her as dowry some six thousand years ago.

The remedy lies alone in the co-operation of fathers and mothers in the work of educating and training their sons and daughters to some useful and ennobling purpose in life. Educating and training thus, not by precept alone but by example also, and by the exacted, practical, responsible performance of some considerable part of the useful and necessary work that on every hand lies waiting to be done. This law of safety, of prosperity, peace and happiness, is equally wholesome for rich and poor. It is no respecter of persons or conditions in life. The girl of the period has no greater need to be made subject to its letter and spirit than has the boy of the period. And yet, no where have I seen the young men who compassed Jennie's ruin and death, held up, for fathers to contemplate as examples of remiss or faulty paternal care or discipline; and yet theirs is the greater crime. Theirs the more subtle and far-reaching influence in favor of the growth and spread of the most subtle of social evils.

I have not written one word of what I intended to write when I sat down, but I have written what was uppermost in my mind, and some day, if the Household is not averse to the idea, when that "other" is uppermost again, I will write that, provided my friend will give me another respite from a vastly different sort of service.

MRS. CLOVER.

REVERIES.

The dark, dreary, rainy weather to-day, has sent my thoughts wandering away down the misty avenues of the past, and thoughts of garrets piled with the discarded accumulations of time, of boxes of old letters, and the sad and glad echoes of the records now closed, have been chasing through my mind until the present seemed like a waking dream. Now, I do not believe in lumbered up garrets. To my mind when any piece of furniture has had its day, or becomes too old-fashioned for its owner, it had better be passed over to some poor, needy person, who will take it to make good, and perhaps use it with feelings of pride, as well. Circumstances make people view things with such different eyes, you know, that a thing that may look shabby to one, may look quite grand to one used to different surroundings. It seems to be the nature of household furnishings to be promoted higher with age, (it might be a good fashion for humans), but usefulness is a good quality in all things, and the practice of hoarding talents or property when each might be used for individual or general benefit, is not to my taste.

Then the hoarding of old letters of no importance but to read over, and with their aid bring back memories which kindly time had dimmed; well, I think the practice a poor one. Do not misunderstand me, the loving counsel, and cheering, encouraging word from the heart friend or dear relative may well be sacredly cherished, but the miscellaneous correspondence, consisting of details of business, the "how are you," and "we are pretty well" letters of which the great mass of one's receipts by mail consist, better burn them up at once when answered, and use the time necessary for their future look over and reading in the performance of some better or more improving duty.

I would not seek to wrest from the hand of affection a sweet or sad memento of some departed one, but to cling to everything that was hallowed by association with one passed away, seems to me a sort of unhealthy exorcism of mind, a mild monomania, better denied than indulged in.

Loving memories will never leave us; if bitter ones their intensity 'tis well to have it so. Life is real, and it seems better to let the dead pass by its dead than for living beings to voluntarily sit down and shiver in the gloomy chambers of a past that nothing can change, when life so earnest, so full of opportunities, so full of necessities, is forcing its claims on every fleeting moment.

So burn up the worthless rubbish, tangible and intangible; give to those who need the to you useless accumulations of old time belongings, empty your garrets and boxes, except of dear heart treasures, prepare for the future by giving the present due attention, and you and the world will be happier and better for the change. There, I have said my say in as disjointed a manner as the gusty, intermitting storm has tuned its varying patter, and now I trust my pen to take up other duties. Such is life.

A. L. L.

MUSIC IN THE FAMILY.

An appreciation of music is always in the nature of a refined mind. Even though a person has not natural ability to acquire a musical education, he cannot but admire that which is ennobling and elevating in its tendencies. I am not of "Mossback's" opinion, that "organs don't amount to much." It is not the instrument, but the manner of using it, I think she intended to say did not amount to much. Music is a blessing to mankind, but like every other blessing heaven bestows, it can be abused. Because there are poor players, it does not follow that none should study music. "There's always room in the upper story," is a proposition worth remembering. If "Mossback" can read the disposition of

her daughter as a mother should be able to do, she will know whether she possesses natural ability, a sense of harmony, of time and tune, and perseverance enough to accomplish anything. I would have every girl who is anxious to learn "to play," know that there is hard work before her. I speak from experience. There are hours of tedious practice, finger exercises, studies without number, and always "more to follow." There is no royal road to success in any field of human endeavor; few who have never studied music understandingly, comprehensively, have any idea of the perseverance necessary. The farther one advances, the more lofty seem the heights which he would reach. Many ambitiously foolish mothers are anxious that their daughters should take music, simply because "they all do," never thinking whether they have time, tune, or even—I was going to say—intellect. It would be a blessing if such could content themselves with a "music box," for, though its music bears about the same comparison to a real living performer's as a parrot's imitation to the human voice, yet it is vastly superior to the confused, unfettered manipulation of the "yielding players of the ivory floor" which some players term music. But if a girl has ability to learn, perseverance to conquer all difficulties, is willing to give to practice some of the hours which she has been accustomed to devote to her own pleasures (not leaving her duties to be performed by an overworked mother)—in short, if she has an earnest desire to accomplish something, I say, if circumstances possibly permit, furnish her a good instrument, employ a thorough teacher, and thus give her an opportunity to develop the best that is within her, a love for the beautiful and harmonious, encouraging her to shun frivolities and trivial pleasures, which fritter away the usefulness of so many girls' lives.

These are only the views of a young but an earnest and

STRONG MINDED GIRL.

HOW WE SAVE THINGS.

NO. II.  
  
Steak is fifteen cents a pound. We don't eat steak. Jasper's salary does not admit of high-priced luxuries. Kitty does the marketing. Flank at six cents; shoulder piece at eight cents, and shank at fifteen cents for a basketful, makes a good living for the Summers.

We let a piece of flank lie over night in brine, and boil it in barely water enough to cook it done, let the water boil off and the meat lie prone in the bottom of the kettle until it is roasted a nice brown, then turn it over and let the other side brown. For the first meal let the meat be hot, after that, slice it cold. Or, make a dressing of bread crumbs seasoned like the dressing for a Christmas turkey, take the piece of flank after it is salted, spread the dressing on it and roll it up snugly, tie with a cord and boil until done in barely water enough to cook it. Lay it under a weight, and when cold cut it in slices. This is very nice. The shoulder piece, gash, salt, and roast in the oven. This is as good as the best.

Boil the shank, after cracking the bones well, pour off half the liquor for soup, leave the other half in the kettle, break or mince the meat up finely, let it boil awhile, then pour all into a clean crock, and when cold, cut out in slices. Garnish with leaves and the semi-transparent slices make a pretty and excellent dish for breakfast or supper.

KITTY SUMMERS.

C. A. V., of South Grand Blanc, writes us a letter full of "whys" which she desires answered through the FARMER, and which would call out the wisdom of a whole School of Divinity. We cannot embark in a theological controversy, nor undertake to expound St. Paul; please "ask us something easy."

Useful Recipes.

LADIES of the Household are requested to contribute tried and favorite recipes to this department. They should be seasonable, and should not be incorporated with other matter for publication, but sent in on separate slips of paper.—Ed.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLE.—Slice the fruit thin, and pack a layer an inch deep in a jar; sprinkle over a little ground allspice and cinnamon, and pour on a little molasses. Continue this until the jar is full. The molasses will become sour, and the pickles will be very nice.

CROW-CROW. II.—Three quarts of vinegar, boiled to half the quantity; add three jars French mustard; boil for a few minutes; two small cauliflower, two quarts small white onions, 25 small cucumbers, three small red peppers; parboil the cauliflowers, onions and cucumbers, then add to the vinegar and mustard. Let come to a boil.

CROW-CROW. I.—Fill a three gallon jar with small green tomatoes, cucumbers, nasturtiums, onions, bits of cauliflower, horseradish, and a few small green peppers; let them stand in salt water 24 hours; then drain, put mixture in brass or porcelain kettle, with fresh water, and boil ten minutes; then drain thoroughly and place in jar; put three quarts of vinegar in kettle to boil; take three-quarters of a pound of best mustard; beat it up in cold vinegar, and pour it into the hot vinegar; when it thickens pour over the pickles and cover when cold. A very little sugar in the vinegar improves the taste.

E. L. NYE writes: "I have tried the Little Brown House potato yeast, and find it a success. I wanted a yeast without hops. Somewhere, 'on the heights' maybe, I've heard of such an one, but not once yet has that celestial nose turned higher on its heavenly way, while the mouth beneath ejaculated 'hops' as it 'took in' a breath of green tomato pickles, 'chopped.'"

HERALDINE wishes a recipe for Chili sauce. Here is one we have used for years, and consider very good. Eighteen large tomatoes, peeled and chopped fine; one large onion also chopped fine; one teaspoonful of Chili peppers, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of ground cloves, two of cinnamon, two of allspice, two of mace, two of salt; add one pint of the best cider vinegar, when nearly cooked. Boil an hour and a half.—Wm.

The Household.

MRS. CLOVER COMES TO THE FRONT.

Continual dropping wears away stone, and when to continual importunities, the friend who has now and then vented his tricks and my manners in these columns, adds the offer to stand on duty in my kitchen and nursery—places where eternal vigilance is the price of success and safety, I can but yield. Though I doubtless should have still declined had not Jennie Cramer been placed under the Household microscope.

The name of the woman is legion, who, either married and with present family cares engrossing her mind and time, or single, but past the dangerous reefs and shoals of girlhood and early womanhood, contemplates this girl's tragic fate, with a horror through which the pains of past personal peril dart and rend like forked lightning, and each, taking the question home, asks "Who was to blame?" Nine



TEA.

Its Importation and Use in the United States.

An importer of teas doing business in New York, has been giving an Eastern exchange some interesting items connected with the trade in this country, and we give some of his statements: He said:

"We import into this country about 75,000,000 pounds of tea each year. It has become one of the chief importations of this country, and as the population grows the consumption of tea becomes greater. Within the past five years the importations have increased about 500,000 pounds each year, and the prospects are that the amount of the leaf consumed will become larger and larger as the years speed by. The greater portion of the cargoes of tea are landed at San Francisco or at the larger California ports, and then are transported across the country to New York, from whence the tea is distributed all over the land. The Eastern people are less of tea drinkers than those who live in the West. This apparently unaccountable fact is due to the presence of lime in almost all the water which is furnished to the large cities for domestic purposes, and the people have ascertained that the use of tea will neutralize to a great extent the action of the lime upon the stomach.

"We obtain most of our tea from China proper, a large quantity from Japan, the better quality from the Island of Formosa, and a small quantity of fermented tea from India. The Chinese tea is the popular favorite more because of its cleanness than because of its quality. The Formosan tea is very fine. It was only a few years ago when the Island of Formosa was opened, and it was immediately found that the first crop of tea obtained from there was the best ever imported into this country. Tea needs a virgin soil, and that it had in Formosa. It is not like the grape or other stimulant-growing plant which needs long cultivation to reach its highest standard of excellence, but it demands that the ground be fresh and rich. In Japan the tea-plant has a smaller leaf and a very delicate flavor. This is, of course, speaking very generally, because every plantation has its distinctive crop, and the plants of one section are very distinctly marked from those of another. I cannot by the simple flavor of the leaf within ten miles of the place where it has been grown. In all probability, after America, England claims the largest quantity of tea—but the leaf which the English people affect is the fermented one. The tea-leaf is heated in the plantation, and water poured upon it; then, by the action of the heat of the sun, the leaves become slightly decomposed, and consequently fermentation sets in. The tea is then taken, rolled, and burnt. The fermented tea has a very peculiar flavor. It is not pleasant, I think, to taste; at least the Americans do not care for it, as the taste is pungent, sweet, and sometimes sickening. It is used in this country more for the purpose of mixing with green tea than for any other purpose. Its influence in this mixture is to give the larger quantity a sweetish flavor that is relished by the Western people especially. In England and perhaps throughout the Continent, the fermented tea is very much liked. The reason for this peculiarity of taste is due, in all probability, to custom rather than to choice.

"The Indian tea is of all the fermented kinds, bought the most eagerly in England. Out of the 75,000,000 pounds of tea imported by the United States, only about 1,000,000 pounds of Indian tea are used here. This tea very rarely comes to this country directly. It usually comes here by the way of England. The value of all kinds of tea is regulated, as a matter of course, by its quality; but the Indian growth is less expensive than the others. I am of the opinion that the failure which it has met with when its merchants have endeavored to force it into this market is due greatly to the firm hold the green and black teas have obtained on the Americans. Almost two thirds of all the tea imported into this country is green, while the remainder, with the exception of a few hundred thousand pounds, is black. The prices of tea cannot be determined upon, because they fluctuate and are very seldom stable. The value of tea this year is, however, considerably less than it has been for a considerable time.

"The first invoice of tea is, of course, the most valuable, and considerable rivalry is occasioned between the English and American merchants in their endeavors to land the first cargo in this country. This tea is made more valuable than profitable, however, as the expense of rapid transportation and the high prices demanded at the plantations run the profits down to a very narrow margin. I think that the tea trade will increase by degrees until the price for it becomes almost nominal. There is great competition, and this, of course, brings the price down very low. Should a company be formed, however, the price would rise and the trade become a monopoly. The main reason for the continued standard price is because transportation to this country is very high, and tea, although light in weight, takes up a great deal of room. Tea is taking the place of coffee to some extent, and may eventually do so entirely."

PROFESSOR DAWSON, of the Dominion Geological Survey, reports that the forests of British Columbia are of vast importance. Many first class mills have been established in various parts of the country and the total annual product is stated to be about 300,000,000 feet, of which 25,000,000 is exported to other countries, 25,000,000 is used at home, and 150,000,000 feet sent to California. Professor Dawson estimates that 110,000,000 acres (two-thirds of the whole province) are covered with timber. The Douglas fir or Oregon pine is the most valuable commercial tree. It frequently extends eight feet in diameter, and rises to a height of from 200 to 300 feet, forming great dark forests. The western hemlock and the red cedar are the other important trees of the province, both of which, the latter especially, grow to a great size. When the great plains of Canada become populous, the mines and forests of British Columbia are likely to be of great importance.

CITY ITEMS.

It is reported that a company has been organized in this city for the manufacture of paper barrels under the Murphy patent.

At a meeting held under the auspices of the Land League on Saturday evening in Detroit, resolutions were adopted denouncing the arrest of Parnell and others by the British government.

EMANUEL MARKS, known in this city as "Minie" Marks, has been arrested in New York City on charge of having committed the robbery whereby the First National Bank of this city lost \$30,000.

The coroner's jury in the case of Jake Viller, killed by his stepson, on the 17th inst., returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death from a pistol wound inflicted by Marcus L. De Foe, the shot being fired in self-defense.

A BRAKEMAN of the Detroit, Lansing & Northern Railway, named Frank Worden, was killed in the Michigan Central yards in this city on Friday night last, by being run over by an engine. He was 35 years of age and belonged to Ionia.

The political pot is just beginning to boil, and candidates for the several offices to be filled at the fall elections, are getting their greenbacks changed into silver pieces of small denominations, so as to make the canvass as cheap as possible, when the men with "anfoncée" strike them.

FROM present appearances there will be no opposition in the Republican party to the re-nomination of W. G. Thompson for Mayor. The Democrats have not so far agreed on any candidate, although quite a number of prominent members of the party have been mentioned in connection with the office.

WM. LOVERING, who was at one time a prominent live stock dealer in this State, died in St. Louis, Mo., last Friday, where he has been for some time engaged in the live stock trade. The body was brought to this city for interment. The funeral, which took place on Sunday, was largely attended by the friends of the deceased, of which he had a host in the city.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb. 2, 1930. I know how Bitters will bear recommendation honestly. All who use them confer upon them the highest encomiums, and give them credit for making cures—all the proprietors claim for them. I have kept them since they were first offered to the public. They took high rank from the first, and maintained it, and are more called for than all others combined. So long as they keep up their high reputation for purity and usefulness, I shall continue to recommend them—something I have never before done with any other patent medicine. J. J. BARCOCK, My P. D.

MANY miserable people drag themselves about with falling strength, feeling that they are steadily sinking into their graves when by using Parker's Ginger Tonic, they would find a cure commencing with the first dose, and vitality and strength surely coming back to them. See other column.

WRITE to Mrs. Lydia E. Plinkham, No. 222 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets relative to the curative properties of her Vegetable Compound in all female complaints. WARRANTED the greatest pain reliever in the world. Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment. Thirty-four years established, and never failed to cure croup, spasms, colic, chronic rheumatism, old sores, and pain in the limbs, back and chest. Ladies will find this Liniment will immediately eradicate Pimples, Freckles and Blisters. Also restores Gray Hair to its natural color, and perfectly harmless. Sold by the druggists.

BORDEN, SELLECK & CO., Chicago, sell the best and cheapest Car Starter made. With it one man can move a freight car.

YOUNG men who consult their own interests will attend the Canada Business College, Chatham, Ont. Three months tuition, board and books, \$55. Send for circular.

THE Royal beauties of Europe owe much to their personal attractiveness to the influence of Ayer's Hair Vigor, which keeps the hair fresh and bright.

YOUNG men, you will save money by attending the Business College at Kalamazoo, Mich.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

TUESDAY, Oct. 25, 1931.

Flour.—The receipts of flour in this market the past week were 15,638 bbls., and the shipments were 7,405 bbls. The weaker feeling in wheat has not affected our market, which continues firm at unchanged prices. The inquiry is active, and millers find a satisfactory market for their product. Quotations yesterday were as follows: Fancy white (city mill) \$2.70; No. 1 white \$2.65; No. 2 white \$2.60; No. 3 white \$2.55; No. 4 white \$2.50; No. 5 white \$2.45; No. 6 white \$2.40; No. 7 white \$2.35; No. 8 white \$2.30; No. 9 white \$2.25; No. 10 white \$2.20; No. 11 white \$2.15; No. 12 white \$2.10; No. 13 white \$2.05; No. 14 white \$2.00; No. 15 white \$1.95; No. 16 white \$1.90; No. 17 white \$1.85; No. 18 white \$1.80; No. 19 white \$1.75; No. 20 white \$1.70; No. 21 white \$1.65; No. 22 white \$1.60; No. 23 white \$1.55; No. 24 white \$1.50; No. 25 white \$1.45; No. 26 white \$1.40; No. 27 white \$1.35; No. 28 white \$1.30; No. 29 white \$1.25; No. 30 white \$1.20; No. 31 white \$1.15; No. 32 white \$1.10; No. 33 white \$1.05; No. 34 white \$1.00; No. 35 white \$0.95; No. 36 white \$0.90; No. 37 white \$0.85; No. 38 white \$0.80; No. 39 white \$0.75; No. 40 white \$0.70; No. 41 white \$0.65; No. 42 white \$0.60; No. 43 white \$0.55; No. 44 white \$0.50; No. 45 white \$0.45; 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